island was full of inhabitants who subsisted by fishing.

When the ships had come to anchor between the N. W. side of the island and the main, Cartier went on shore with his two young Savages. The people of the country were at first afraid of them; but hearing the youths speak to them in their own language, they became sociable, and brought eels and other fish, with a quantity of Indian corn in ears, for the refreshment of their new guests; in return for which, they were presented with such European baubles as were pleasing to them.

The next day, Donacono, the prince of the place, came to visit them, attended by twelve boats; but keeping ten of them at a distance, he approached with two only, containing sixteen men. In the true spirit of hospitality, he made a speech, accompanied with significant gestures, welcoming the French to his country and offering his service to them. The young savages, Taignoagni and Domagaia answered him, reporting all which they had seen in France, at which he appeared to be pleased. Then approaching the Captain, who held out his hand, he kissed it, and laid it round his own neck, in token of friendship. Cartier, on his part, entertained Donacona with bread and wine, and they parted mutually pleased.

The next day Cartier went up in his boat to find a harbor for his ships; the season being so far advanced that it became necessary to secure them. At the west end of the isle of Bacchus, he found "a goodly and pleasant sound, where is a little river and haven; about three fathom deep at high water." To this he gave the name of St. Croix, and determined there to lay up his ships.

Near this place was a village called Stadacona, of which Donacona was the Lord. It was environed with forest trees, some of which bore fruit; and under the trees, was a growth of wild hemp. As Cartier was returing to his ships, he had another specimen of the hospitable manners of the natives. A company of people, of both sexes, met him on the shore of the little river, singing and dancing up to their knees in